ALMA RECORD.

C. F. Brown, Editor and Publisher.

ALMA, : : MICH.

There is a world-touching pathos in the telegraphic dispatch stating that Mrs. Cleveland watched from a window the departure from the white house for the capitol of her husband and the president-elect. Who can fathom the thoughts and regrets that filled her mind and heart at that moment? Coming to the white house radiant with youth, beauty and bridal robes, she endeared herself to the American people by numberless graces, womanly tact and unassuming loveliness. She was truly a queen crowned with the admiration and regard of a free people. Few women of her age and experience could be taken from the seclusion of the seminary into the glare of public life, to become the first lady of the land, and successfully gain and hold to the end the respect and love of all classes. In retiring to private life she will carry with her the well wishes of friends and partisans alike.

The prospects of a large display of American products, manufactures and fine arts at the coming Paris exposition are most promising. According to latest advices the one hundred thousand square feet of space set apart for the exhibits of the United States are nearly all taken up. Not the least of the display will be the showing of the progress made in electrical appliances during the past ten years. At the Vienna exposition of 1873 America surprised all Europe with her exhibit of machinery and mechanical inventions. It is safe to predict that at the exposition of 1889 the fame of our country will be fully sustained for its great advance over the rest of the world by a wonderful display of electrical appliances. It will be a treat to the people of Europe and it will send a thrill of pride through every American at Paris to witness the products of the inventive genius of his country.

It is reported that the death of the king of Holland is again imminent. Several times within a year similar reports have obtained, but in each case the king rallied and appeared to regain his health. He may do so now, though it is represented that his condition is worse than ever before. The death of King William III would be an event of no little significance in Europe, and might lead to very important results. Those most intelligently informed regarding the possible consequences believe that it would be very likely to precipitate a war, arising from the possible scheme of Germany to acquire a domination of territory she is thought to covet. In any event the demise of the old king would be regarded by European politicians with a great deal of interest.

Bishop Foley of the Detroit diocese signed the petition asking that greater authority be conferred on women in the administration of school affairs, and when asked for his reasons, said: "I did so because school affairs properly have no connection with politics and should be taken entirely out of the hands of the politicians. The participation of women in the management of public schools would be a benefit. I believe in the public school system and in its maintenance on a non-sectarian basis. I most decidedly, however, do not believe in giving women the general right of suffrage. Women have no place in politics. They should stay at home and take care of their children."

Three Presidents, Grant, Hayes and Harrison were members of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. Garfield and Arthur were active members, and three members of General Harrison's cabinet—Noble, Tracy and Rusk—also belong. The society was organized while Johnson was president, and all the presidents since that time, except Cleveland, have been Loyal Legion men. It is all the more singular, as political discussion is strictly prohibited at the meetings of the order. General Hancock was at the head of the order at the time of his death, proof sufficient that it is not partisan.

The women of Denmark have sent a petition to the president of the rikadig, signed by 20,000 of their number, demanding universal suffrage. Fourteen thousand of the signatures are those of married women. A "social and political" school for women has recently been opened at Copenhagen, where contemporary history, constitutional and moral law and physiology are taught.

As General Harrison was riding down Pennsylvania avenue he espied among other inaugural decorations a banner bearing an uncomplimentary allusion to the out-going president. He sent a polite request to the owner of the banner asking its removal. The request was granted.

RUSSIAN PETROLEUM.

A Single Well in Baku Produces Nearly as Much as All the American Wells.

Writing of Charles Marvin's "Reign of the Eternal Fire," the London Railway News gives the following interesting facts about the vast oil wells of Russia and their probable effect on the American market:

A wonderful revolution in the petroleum trade has been in progress for the past few years, and in its course has attracted comparatively little public attention. The enormous supplies obtained at Baku have already driven American oil from the Russian empire, and is now in course of superseding it along the Medterranean littoral, and as far as India. With efficient commercial management there should be no difficulty in the continued extension of this competition, for the supply of petroleum in the Caucasus is practically inexhaustible, and its cost of production on the spot is said to be only one-fourteenth that of the Pennsylvania fields.

The writer gives a great many interesting facts and figures with regard to this wonderful Caucasus region, which seems destined to play an important part in commercial and industrial history. An assurance of an extended and cheaper supply of this valuable fuel will doubtless lead to its greatly increased use in the future, to the advantage of trade and industry. As a steam producer there is obviously an enormous field open for the use of petroleum, and it is not too much to expect before long its general adaption to steamers and locomotives, saving the heavy cost of transport and stoking involved in the burning of coal. A certain and cheap supply is, of course, necessary to induce a change of existing plant, and there seems now no doubt existing on these important points. Whether it be true or not that the American fields are approaching exhaustion, Russia seems able to supply the world for years to come, while the fields of Galicia and Burmah promise to supplement any possible deficiencies.

Mr. Marvin writes on this question of supply: "In America there are more than 25,000 drilled petroleum wells. Baku possesses 400. But a single one of these 400 wells has thrown up as much oil in a day as nearly the whole 25,000 in America put together. This is very wonderful, but a more striking fact is that the copiousness of the well should have ruined its owners and broken the heart of the engineer who bored it, after having yielded enough oil in four months to have realized in America at least £1,000,000. 'In Pennsylvania that fountain would have made its owner's fortune; there's £5,000 worth of oil flowing out of the well every day. Here it has made the owner a bankrupt.' These words were addressed to me by an American petroleum engineer as I stood alongside a well that had burst the previous morning and out of which the oil was flying twice the height of the great geyser in Iceland, with a roar that could be heard several miles round."

Matters have somewhat improved since that time. The oil is collected in ponds or reservoirs at Baku, some approaching the dimensions of lakes, and pipe lines have been laid leading to the refineries on the coast. The supply keeps up without diminution, for, as Mr. Marvin points out, nearly all the wells are what the Americans would consider extremely copious ones. A well yielding only a few hundred gallons of oil a day a Baku firm would not consider worth working. This is not remarkable, seeing that the richest of the Baku wells has yielded 2,000,000 gallons, or ten times the largest yield in America, in twenty-four hours. The supply is more under control, since spouting wells are now plugged up to await a proper market. Owing to the low price of crude petroleum, Nobel Brothers shut down fourteen fountains at Balakhani, preferring in the meanwhile to buy what they required from neighboring well proprietors. Occasionally a fountain is opened to examine its condition, when it is always found that the supply is as prodigious as when capped over.

In the Baku district the deepest well yet sunk is 800 feet from the surface. In America there are a number of wells in the Bradford region 2,000 or 3,000 feet deep, and one in West Virginia about 5,000 feet down. An extension of the supply by deeper sinking is naturally expected at Baku, while there are many other districts of the Caucasus as yet hardly touched. A French company has successfully bored for oil sixty miles inland of Novorossisisk, near the sea of Azof. The whole territory of the Terek Cossacks has primitive wells, from which local proprietors obtain in the aggregate a large supply of oil, while across the Caspian sea an extensive oil region extends along the line of the Transcaspian railway.

Some interesting facts are given by Mr. Marvin, with reference to the production and refining of the oil. As a result of the copiousness of the fountains the crude oil has at times been selling at the rate of fifty gallons for a penny. American competition on such a basis is impossible. This rate has been, of course, exceptional, but low prices are apparently assured for many years to come. The development of the industry has been accompanied by many crises and ignorant observers have mistaken these "growing pains" for symptoms of collapse. But although this collapse has been "going to occur" several times it has never yet come off, while at the end of every year the industry has been found to have forged ahead considerably. The growth of large firms usually means the ruin of many little ones, and Baku has been no exception to the general rule. In 1884 there were about 200 refineries at Baku: now there are 121, comprising 36 large ones and 85 small. The supply of crude petroleum meantime has increased from 800 tons to 2,000,000 tons per annum, while the output of refined oil has grown from 60,000,000 to 150,000,000 of gallons in 1885. The bulk was produced by the well-known firm of Nobel Brothers, after them coming Messrs. Rothchilds, who have large interests at Baku and Batoum, the shipping port of the new railway line. Messrs Rothschilds appear to have excited a considerable amount of local hostility to their project at Batoum. They have erected fifteen reservoirs at that point, and control the trade by means of their pipe lines. It is said that taking a hint from the policy of the Standard Oil company of the United States they are bent on absorbing all smaller producers and refiners. The enterprise of Nobel Brothers has hitherto been directed chiefly to the establishment of depots for storing and selling petroleum at all the chief towns of the Russian empire, and now they possess a fleet of cistern steamers for the transport of oil srom Baku, via the Caspian and Volga river to interior points. Mr. Marvin points out that from the present time the trade is taking a new departure. Up to the summer of 1883, Caspian petroleum only found its way by the above route to Europe, traversing more than 2,000 miles in steamers and tank cars before reaching the holds of foreign vessels. The construction of the Batoum line reduced this distance to 5.0 miles at a stroke and laid the industry open to the civilized world.

With a steady market for the refuse of the refineries an enormous field for increased profit will be obviously opened up for the Caspian fields. The fuel is perfectly smokeless—a great merit on board cruisers and on such lines as your underground railways. Another great advantage, above alluded to, is the absence of any smoking and the ease with which the fire can be lighted or suppressed at a moment's notice. Not a single steamer or locomotive in the Caspian region now burns wood or coal. The Russian engineers running the steamers from Baku to the mouth of the Volga adjust the flames at starting and concern themselves no more about their fires until they reach their desination in a couple of days' time. Not a single case has yet been reported of destruction by fire of steamers or cargoes. Equally important with the saving of labor is the economy gained in a storage room. A ton of liquid fuel can do the work of two or three tons of coal. Thus a steamer can take either two or three times less fuel and utilize the bunker space for cargo purposes, or it can go two or three times as far without stopping to coal. But there is an additional economy even beyond this. A ton of oil refuse takes up very little more than half the space of a ton of coal. In this manner, in the more economical liquid fuel furnaces, 1,000 tons of oil refuse not only goes as far as 3,000 tons of coal, but takes up only the bunker space of 500 or 600 tons of coal, and allows the balance of 2,500 tons to be applied to passenger or cargo purposes. The development of the petrolem industry at Baku is thus calculated to solve most important questions of sea and rail transport, and to react favorably on the working of the Burmah and other deposits now in the course of exploration.

NOTES ON WINE.

Dry Champagne Should Not Be Iced—How to Serve Claret.

Among Mr. Webber's miscellaneous remarks, says the London Saturday Review, he inveighs, as do most authorities nowadays, against the once universal practice of icing champagne. This condemnation, though just in the main, ought to be made with a distinguo. To ice dry champagne, such as has long been fashionable, is barbarous enough; but it is by no means so certain that to ice sweet champagne is such an ill thing. On the contrary the icing takes off the sweetness to a certain extent and reveals instead of obscuring the flavor. "Dry champagne cool; sweet champagne cold," is perhaps the best rule.

On another point—the possibility of wine being affected by the bottle—there is a long quotation from M. Peligot which is worth reading. Everybody recognizes "corked" wine, but it seems not at all improbable that "bottled" wine may bear a double sense likewise. Certainly there is no known product which differs so extraordinarily from itself as wine, nor any which is so sensitive to reagents of all sorts. Mr. Webber's method of serving out claret—not decanting the wine at all, but letting it stay forty-eight hours upright in an even temperature, then ranging a sufficient number of glasses in a row, and filling them all without raising the bottle from the horizontal to the upright state—is, no doubt, excellent, if you have a sufficient number of compotators. But it is rather clumsy in appearance, and necessitates the sacrifice of that "pushing about the bottle," which is a cheerful and agreeable ceremony. Besides, a good jug full of good claret is a very pretty thing, yet we fully grant that no method of preventing the admixture of sediment with any large quantity of wine can be hit upon so certain as this of, so to speak, decanting it straight into glasses. And we further agree with Mr. Webber that "the finer the wine the more acrid the deposit." It is quite surprising to any one who tries it for the first time how positively nasty the dregs of a good bottle of claret are, while the dregs of port, though unpleasing to the eye, and disagreeable from the mixture of solid and liquid, often suffer little in flavor. We feel considerably more doubt about Mr. Webber's statement that "pure wine, if dropped on the tablecloth, will not stain it in the least." If it be so, we can only say that there must be uncommonly little pure wine in the world.

The Last of the Mohegans.

The death of Samson Brushnell is reported in New London Conn., from the Lantern Hill country. Brushnell was the last known descendant in a direct line of Uncas, the chief of the Mohegan Indians, who occupied that country when it was first settled by the whites. His body will be interred in the royal cemetery of these Indians upon the Mohegan reservation, which lies on the western bank of the Warner river, about seven miles from New London. In that reservation the remnants of the Mohegans have found a home for over 200 years, ever since the brave, far-seeing Uncas obtained it for them as a recompense for his services to the whites of Connecticut in leading their soldiery to the massacre of the Pequots in Groton in 1637. Brushnell was about 50 years old, a deformed and dissipated man; but as he was the only Mohegan Indian of royal blood, as well as of pure blood, living in Connecticut, he was regarded with interest. For years he had been a feature at the county fairs, where he exhibited some remarkable abilities of his ancestry by whistling two tunes at one time, and by feats of dexterity such as knocking coins out of split sticks with arrows from a long distance. He was especially dexterous in plaiting reeds, and had traveled in every town of importance to sell his work.

President Cleveland's Domesticity.

It is probable that President Cleveland has never crossed the threshold of more than two Washington homes outside the cabinet circle. In other words, he has not seen the interior of ten residences in Washington. He has never seen congress at work, and I am assured that in four years he has not once entered a department building. The treasury, state, navy, war, and attorney general's departments are all within a stone's throw of the white house, but Mr. Cleveland never opened their doors. Mr. Cleveland never walked upon Pennsylvania avenue as Grant was in the habit of doing, and surely he never took a drink across a Washington bar as Buchanan did more than once. He rarely goes to the theater, not caring much for the plays. Probably there has now and then been an entire week he has not once put on his hat and gone out of doors. All he knows about Washington and its ways he has heard.—Washington Letter to Boston Globe.

Axworthy.

Axworthy, the Cleveland defaulter, attributes his downfall to politics. "Why, three elections," he said, "cost me many thousands of dollars each time, and I was led to make large contributions to aid in the election of other candidates. My livery bills on election and registration days were enormous, as I had the bulk of the expense to pay for the whole ticket. This was especially true of the last time I ran. If I had my life to live over again I would not touch politics. I was well to-do before I entered politics. I lent money to other politicians, and it has not been repaid." This is not a solitary experience, but it goes to show what moneyed politics will do. Axworthy, before his troubles, was the most popular man in Cleveland, and was considered solid financially.

A Trying Experience.

"What is the worst experience you ever underwent, colonel?"

"The worst? Well, it occurred years ago, when I was a young man. I was a sailor then, and the vessel on which I was working was wrecked. A barrel half full of whisky was floating about and I clung to it, drifting in the icy water for a day and a night."

"That was horrible."

"Horrible! No name for it. I couldn't keep the darned barrel in one position long enough to open it."—Lincoln Journal.

Frightfully Deep.

Some years ago, when I was in Washington, the wife of a distinguished politician, and herself no slouch in letters and diplomacy, and to me with charming freshness: "It is positively unpleasant for me to mix in society, because I see so frightfully deep into people."—New York Press.

"Millions in It."

A woman in Franklin, Pa., says she died and went to heaven. She describes her visit in glowing words and says she is sorry she came to life again. There is a fortune awaiting that woman if she goes on the lecture platform and gives "An Evening with the Angels."—Baltimore American.

ABOUT WEDDING TRIPS.

People Must Take Them, Even Though They Dread It.

The origin of the wedding trip is entirely unknown, writes William L. Allen, in Once a Week. As to it we can be sure of only one thing—the wedding trip originated among civilized or semi-civilized nations, and not among barbarians.

Custom now requires that a newly-married pair should fly from their friends and seek the seclusion of a cottage by the sea, or the more acute loneliness of a hotel crowded with strangers. Exception is sometimes made in behalf of a husband and wife who are advanced in years, or who by long-continued habit have become accustomed to undergoing marriage, and look upon taking for the third or fourth time the vows of matrimony with the indifference with which a veteran traveler, landing in New York, swears his way through the custom-house. But to young people no social mercy is shown. They must undergo their wedding trip, no matter how much or how justly they may dread it.

Our barbarous ancestors regarded marriage as an affair either of bargain and sale, or of robbery. In neither case did the successful husband feel called upon to hide himself. Having bought an eligible wife, or having picked up a cheap wife at a bargain, he no more thought of carrying her off to some secluded place and concealing himself and his purchase for a month than the fortunate buyer of a fine picture or a good table bought for a song at an auction thinks of hiding the evidence of his good fortune and discernment. Neither did the cave-dweller, who probably knocked down his beloved object with a club, and, throwing her over his shoulder, carried her to his private cave, think of flying with her to some large and fashionable seaside cave and spending three or four weeks with her in the darkness of the stuffy and stalagmite-strewn bridal chamber. On the contrary, he was proud of his prowess, and on the morning after his marriage exhibited his new wife, with her head covered with sticking plaster, and casually remarked to his friends that, although he had married a large number of wives, this particular one had the thickest skull he had ever cracked. Such is to this very day the custom in the best circles of native Australian society, and scientific persons are of the opinion that the Australians are the oldest race now on the planet.

Conceding, then, that the wedding trip has not come down to us from primitive and savage man, it must have been the invention of a comparatively civilized people. What could have been the motive which gave birth to such a custom? The answer must be sought by conjecture, but in this case conjecture may prove to be a trust-worthy guide.

Clearly the inventors of the wedding trip were not a human and sympathetic race. There is probably no time in the life of a man or woman when he or she has greater need of human sympathy and encouragement than during the first few weeks of married life. And yet this is the very time when modern custom has decreed their isolation. They are not merely thrust out of reach of the sympathy of their friends, but they are practically forbidden to make new friends during the honeymoon. No newly-made husband dares to say: "My dear, I have met some very good fellows at the hotel, and we're going to have a little game of whist in the smoking-room to night," and where is the recent bride who would venture to spend the evening in Mrs. So and So's room, and leave the groom alone for an hour or two? No! the pair must be confined exclusively in the society of each other while the wedding trip lasts, no matter how they may long for the clasp of a friendly hand, or a word of kindness and encouragement.

Thus we see that the people who invented the wedding trip were not a sympathetic race. Beyond doubt they were practical people who prized the useful above the pleasant. They inflicted wedding trips upon newly-married people because they judged it best for the interests of the community.

Now, these sensible and disagreeable people may have had either one or two objects in view when they established the ordeal by wedding trip. Perhaps they regarded it as the swimmer regards the headlong plunge into cold water, as the quickest way to accustom oneself to an inevitable evil. They may have reasoned that as man and wife are to make the experiment of living together during the lifetime of one or the other, the sooner and more thoroughly they try it the better. There is certainly a good deal of force in the reasoning, but it proceeds upon the assumption that marriage was at the period in question indissoluble, whereas we know that as a rule indissoluble marriage exists only in the highest state of civilization, and is comparatively a modern idea. In all probability such facilities for divorce existed among the people who originated the custom of wedding trips.

If such were the case, the wedding trip was beyond doubt designed as a test of the fitness of the bride and groom for a more prolonged experience of married life. Doubtless the father of the bride said to his daughter: "Marry this man if you wish, and go away with him for a month where you will have nothing to distract your mind from him. If at the end of that time you still endure him, we will get an order from the supreme court making your marriage permanent." With this understanding the young people started on their wedding trip, and though we have no absolute statistics on this subject, there can be but little doubt that occasionally the result was a so-called permanent marriage.

This conjecture satisfactorily explains the origin of the wedding trip, but only emphasizes the folly of the survival of a custom now become meaningless. We may admire boldness, but voluntarily to incur unnecessary danger is not boldness. Marriage reasonably begun is much more likely to succeed than is marriage begun with a wedding trip, and however much we may wonder at the recklessness of the husband who takes his bride from the church to the ocean steamer, we can not respect the intelligence of the pair who prefer to begin their married life with mutual seasickness, and the mutual revelation of the disagreeable characteristics that seasickness, ennui and absence of friends are sure to reveal.

The Humorous Letter.

The Tribune recently printed a London dispatch concerning the recent personal encounter between Mr. Whistler and a brother artist named Stott. It appears from this that some words took place between them during the course of which Mr. Stott casually remarked that Mr. Whistler was a versatile liar and an accomplished coward—or remarks to that effect. Upon this, the dispatch informs us, Mr. Whistler administered "some rather severe blows on Stott's head"—we suppose if that able newspaper man, Mr. John L. Sullivan, had been reporting it, he would have said that Whistler "got Stott's head in chancery and thumped his brain-pan with the raw 'uns." After this, Mr. Whistler kicked Mr. Stott out of the room.

The dispatch now goes on to say that Mr. Whistler "subsequently wrote a humorous letter to the club committee, giving the facts attending the case, and claiming that the measures he had adopted would prevent in future members of the club being made subject to insults." Mildly speaking, we should say this kind of treatment, diligently pursued, would have a tendency to discourage insults. Especially if Mr. Whistler kicks hard.

What will strike the average reader most forcibly, however, is the "humorous letter" feature. How much it soothes the feeling of a man who has had a number of rather severe blows administered to his head and been kicked out of a room to learn that his opponent is explaining matters in "humorous letters," it is hard to guess. If, however, there are to be any humorous letters at all, clearly the gentleman who remains in the room must furnish them—the one who has been assisted out is in no frame of mind for that style of correspondence.

Perhaps it is too early to predict the possibilities of the humorous letter in affairs of this kind, but if Mr. Stott comes out smiling to-day or to-morrow, and says that the letter has calmed his feelings, and that he is satisfied, the usefulness of these light and graceful epistles will be clear to everybody. If two men have a belligerent meeting anywhere let the victor write a humorous letter telling all about it, and the injured one will doubtless come out and say he feels better. The soothing power of the humorous letter, when applied to a broken head, has never, perhaps, been given half the credit due it. In the future, instead of duels and bitter animosities, we may have only the humorous letter and peace. It is quite possible, if those eminent Kentucky practitioners, the Hatfields and McCoys, had tried the fanciful and humorous letter instead of the blunt and plain-spoken six-shooter and the cold and disagreeable double-barrelled shot-gun, all bloodshed might have been avoided. The dream of universal peace may yet be realized through the humorous letter.

Should the humorous epistle succeed in private life, why could it not be extended to public matters? After Bismarck, for instance, has bullied our Mr. Bayard for some time, and, as we say, kicked him out of an island, he might write a humorous letter and smooth the thing over. Would it not, perhaps, be a good time for Mr. Bayard himself to write a humorous letter about the Haytian affair?—he has got that formidable power in just about the same condition that Mr. Stott was when he landed out doors. Anything beyond the first attack may be unknown in war when the light and graceful humorous letter comes to be fully recognized.

But it is probably better not to expect too much of it till we see how Mr. Stott takes it. It hardly seems as if it would be a particularly successful pacifier. We can only wait and see how it works in Stott's case, and if he seems to like it, it can be tried further.—Texas Siftings.

French Journalistic Enterprise.

There seems to be considerable enterprise among the French, judging by the following incident, told by a French reporter. There had been a fearful murder in the country, and the editor sent me down to form a theory, and, if possible, get ahead of the police in arresting the murderer. Three days later I returned and reported progress, and three officers armed themselves and set off with me, and about eleven o'clock we reached the spot where the suspicious-looking person had been in the habit of loitering about. Suddenly, as we turned a corner, we almost ran against a pale and haggard-looking man, answering the description I had received. "That's the man!" I cried. The wretch started to run, but was instantly secured, bound and dragged to the station. The commissaire questioned him—and let him go. He wasn't the man. "Well, when you found you had been instrumental in causing the arrest of an innocent man, what did you do then?" "Secured him as a subscriber to the paper, of course."—Texas Siftings.

Hebe.

Hebe, the Grecian goddess of health, daughter of no less distinguished personages than Jupiter and Juno, was a model for many young ladies of the present day. She wasn't afraid of work. She personally attended to her mother's chariot, and with her own fair hands hitched up Juno's peacocks when she wanted to take a drive on the avenue, and rubbed them down and bedded them after their return. When told that Hercules wished her for a wife, she said "Hebe—darned," but afterwards relented if he would release her from servitude to her mother. This he did and they were married. She was always much attached to her Cules, as she called him, but what she took her cue from we don't know.—Texas Siftings.

AN ARM-CHAIR SERMON.

Sarcasm That Chills Enthusiasm and Kills Love in Many a Home.

If I am to kill a chicken (a thing I wouldn't do, my dear, for a thousand pounds! I do not proceed to do the deed by cruel and protracted methods, writes "Amber" in the Chicago Tribune. I should be arrested by the Humane Society if I went to work to put poison in the doomed fowl's daily rations, or nip it slyly now and then with a red-hot hairpin.

The cat that was killed by care suffered far more than the cat that perished by a quick bullet.

When a horse is disabled and unfit for service, the merciful man knocks it in the head with a well-aimed blow, and that's the last of it. But we have different ways of killing love, and trust, and kindly feeling in one another's hearts. We make use, all too often, of the North American Indian's original method of protracted torture. And love, and trust, and kindly feeling, although they die hard, and are a long time dying, under the process, are as certainly doomed as the chicken, the cat and the disabled horse are by the blow of the hatchet, the sting of the bullet or the crash of the club. There is many a home to-day where love is slowly dying under the torture inflicted by a sarcastic tongue, or where it already lies dead under the peculiar processes of this cowardly mode of torment. The drunkard's wife is not more to be pitied than the wife of the cold-blooded husband whose tongue holds the venom of a dozen serpents. I would rather be mated to a man who should throw a chair at me now and then than to such a husband as we see occasionally, who murders his wife's peace and happiness slowly yet surely from day to day with cruel and biting words of suspicion and contempt. I might dodge the chair, but I couldn't dodge the word, and, besides, bruises inflicted on the body heal under the application of liniment and arnica, but there has no salve been found yet to cure the hurt of a sarcastic tongue. There are many unhappy homes in the world and many broken hearts, and there is a great cry raised against the causes therefor. A crusade is even being raised against the giant forces that combine to break up the harmony of domestic concord, yet the lesser influences for evil are ignored and forgotten. It is as though we armed ourselves to go out and shoot elephants in a country where rabbits were devastating the crops, or fitted out a fleet to catch whales in a fresh-water pond full of eels and catfish. Intemperance, and unfaithfulness, and all the greater causes of sorrow in the world's homes have always plenty of armed and steadfast opposers and foes, but the little hidden foxes that spoil the vines run to and fro without molestation.

It takes as much heroism often to sit down and endure for a half-hour the electric buzz-saw of a modern dentist as it takes to march to battle behind a drum and a flag; but who ever wrote a poem to the hero or heroine of the dentist's chair? It takes more Christian grace to live in the same house with a sarcastic tongue than to wear a hair-cloth shirt and do ante-sunrise penance, and yet who stops to say a word of comfort to the saint inured to domestic torment, or learn a lesson from her sublime patience and enduring courage? It is not going to be those who march up by and by and show saber cuts on the body who will be called heroes, but those who display scars made in the heart that were silently endured, who will wear the laurel and the bay. We all pride ourselves on the etiquette that teaches us to be gentlemen and ladies in the drawing-room or in public places, but when some of us have learned the etiquette that teachers us to be more gentlemanly and ladylike as fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, parents and children, we shall have learned a new code. The man is a coward who is civil only where he dare not be otherwise, but becomes a bully behind the closed doors of his home. What we need is less mannerism for show, and more courtesy at home. You would never dare to speak to a lady in society, sir, as you speak to your wife and daughter, and I say you are the worst sort of a cad when you take a tone with the defenseless ones at home you would not dare assume to a stranger.

All politeness that is put on merely for show is like the stain the cabinet-maker puts on a pine board; politeness that amounts to anything is in the grain of the wood, not an external application. We make a terrible fuss when our growing children put a dinner knife to their lips, yet say nothing when they pester and harrass one another with mean and sarcastic speeches until good nature flies out the window and evil temper stalks in at the door.

I will take my chance any day to live with the person who commits the solecism of putting his knife in his mouth rather than with the person who deals in anger-provoking speech and inuendo.

You take it greatly to heart when the slugs get into the roses and your June gardens are despoiled of their sweetness and beauty. And yet there is something worse that gets into the home, that garden of delight, when unkind and sarcastic speech creeps in with its chilling blight. I have in my mind's eye as I write a family of growing sons and daughters more desolate than any garden devoured by slugs or withered by devastating blight. The father sets over against every thing that is spontaneous and ardent and earnest with his cold and clammy ridicule; the older boys emulate their father, and the girls are ashamed to be fresh and natural and enthusiastic, as they were meant to be, for fear of evoking laughter and contempt. In the midst sits the mother, a dear little frightened morsel of a woman, full of poetical fancies and immortal enthusiasms stifled and confined like so many infant Moseses in bulrush baskets, with Herod stalking up and down the bank.

If you must murder love, then, in all the heart and home, wherein you ought to glorify and crown it, I pray you go out and get drunk, or rob a bank, or skip to Canada with a defaulter's grip-sack; anything, so that the deed is done quickly and poor innocent love be not a long time dying, like a victim on the rack.